

As Dante and Petrarch had in fact done,
 he turned to
 more facile embraces; but, unlike them, he
 turned these
 too to poetry—sonnets of love triumphant
 which by
 some strange perversity he published among
 those ad-
 dressed to Cassandre until the reader, but
 for the accom-
 panying commentary of Ronsard's friend
 Muretus, would
 suppose Cassandre herself to have yielded.
 But it was in
 1555, after ten years' fruitless siege, that he
 finally gave
 his heart to another:

Voyant que tousjours elk marchait plus fiSre,
 Je desliay du tout mon amitie premiere,

Pour en aimer une autre en ce pays d'Anjou.
 And yet these ten years had borne their
 fruit. It was
 Cassandre that first found him his true
 vocation, as a
 supreme love-poet. Nor was this parting
 quite the last
 of her. Years afterwards, in 1568, when he
 was forty-four
 and she the mother of a family, they met
 again, as first, in
 spring; and in a last poem Ronsard owned his
 debt:
 Et si Tage qui rompt et murs et forteresses,
 En coulant a perdu un peu de noz jeunesses,
 Cassandre, c'est tout un! car je n'ay pas esgard
 A ce qui est present, mais au premier regard,
 Au trait qui me navra de ta grace enfantine.
 Now however, in 1555, as if the poet's life
 were itself
 in some measure a course of poetry, alike in
 love and art
 he left Petrarch for Theocritus. He had
 already been
 growing simpler. In the Ode he had forsaken
 the pomp
 of Pindar for the ease of Horace and
 Anacreon. So here,
 just as his homesick friend du Bellay in the
 most famous
 of his sonnets craves beside the Tiber for *the
 soft winds of
 Anjou', Ronsard turned from wooing his fair

Florentine
in Italianate *concetti* to courting in plainer
French and
Angevin country-girl of Bourgueil. But
Marie too, if
with her simple beauty of fifteen years she
gave him new
inspiration, did not give him happiness.
Remembering